SAVED BY A GIRL

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

I was about at the end of my resources, in fact stranded in Paris with few friends, and my art education not yet completed. Up to a few months a benevolent half uncle in New York had financed me. He had died and I had no further dependence on that source as his estate had gone to others.

I sat in my very humble room in the student's quarter one chilly wintry evening calculating my slim funds and prospects. There seemed no way open for me except to give up a cherished proposition for a trade and return to my native soil. There came a tap at the door.

"It is Adrian Morse, the artist?" inquired a man fairly well dressed, extremely courteous but possessed of a searching sinister eye that I did not like. I bowed at his query.

"I have come on a matter of business," continued my visitor, but he did not explain how he had heard of me or if he had been directed to me. His next words, however, showed that he knew of my forlorn condition, for he remarked:

"I understand that you need work, and I promise you a rich fee if you will pack up a few of your utensils and accompany me briefly."

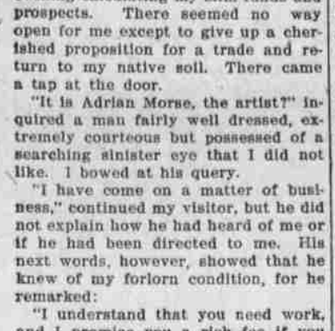
"To paint a picture?" I inquired bluntly.

"No, to repair and touch up a damaged canvas," he replied. "It is not far and I have a cab in waiting."

Of course I went. I made up my palette, some colors and tools into a small package and was ready for him almost immediately.

As he crowded into the vehicle beside me I heard him give a low voiced order to the driver to proceed to a certain street. I had never been in that thoroughfare, but I had heard of the locality, the most notorious and dangerous in Paris, in fact a favorite rendezvous of the Parisian bandits.

I do not know why, but instantly my suspicions were aroused. I was a poor specimen to select for plunder,



"I Was on My Guard in a Moment."

yet the man might be drawing me into some complication of peril and crime and my fears took the alarm at once.

"I have changed my mind—I will not accompany you," I declared sharply, and I reached my hand to seize the strap and signal the driver to stop. The hand of my companion shot forward to deter me. As it grazed my own I felt some thin sharp metal point pierce my hand.

"Ah! you were so precipitate you have wounded yourself on the edge of my sleeve button," spoke my companion. "I wished to explain—um'm-um'm—" His words faded into a droning, meaningless mutter, and a black veil seemed to cross my eyes.

I did not realize it then, but I knew later that this man had used upon me one of those tiny poison needles, a formidable accessory of the criminals of Paris for drugging or killing a troublesome victim.

I had no sense of consciousness after that until I found myself seated in a chair in a close, stuffy room. The man who had drugged me stood before me smiling in a cynical, triumphant manner.

"You forced me to act in an arbitrary way," he said. "No harm has been done. There are your tools of trade," and he pointed to a table where lay the parcel I had brought from my poor studio. "And there," and he indicated an easel, "is the canvas we wish you to fix up."

I stared in wonder, but with a positive thrill at an unframed painting held by brads across a board upon the easel, for it was "The Watchers."

Who in France has not heard of "The Watchers," that notable chef d'oeuvre of an obscure artist who gained fame only after his death? Who also, as I, did not know of its mysterious theft from the Louvre, of a fabulous reward offered for its discovery and the conviction of the thieves. In a flash I recognized the situation. In despoiling the frame in the great picture gallery of this cherished gem, the robber had torn and defaced one corner of the priceless canvas.

"It will be five hundred dollars if you restore that painting to a presentable condition. Can you do it?"

I was on my guard in a moment. I realized how I should act and what I should do. I doubted if I would receive the money promised or be allowed to depart after I had done my work, and I set my wits at work to circumvent this probable agent of a set of desperadoes. I assented to his proposition.

"Very well," he said, "I will go and bring you some refreshments and stimulants, for your experience coming here may have unnerved you."

And then he was gone. In an instant I had that precious canvas released from the easel, rolled up under my arm and a dash made for the nearest window.

As I leaped out I landed in a close court. I heard a shout from the room I had just vacated, I saw a face at its window. A door in the adjoining building was open. I ran towards it, to come upon a staircase. I followed its windings, an uproar pursuing me. I reached the second floor of the building, seized the knob of the first door I came to and bolted into a lighted room.

"I am being pursued by desperadoes from the next building," I said hurriedly. "Save me, hide me, and I—"

I was about to say: "And I will reward you richly," but the eyes that met my own told of real sympathy, a slight shudder that she realized my peril.

"This way, quick," she said, and moved towards a bed. Within it lay an old man, evidently an invalid, asleep or unconscious. She bade me climb behind him, covered me up and then resumed her seat.

The banging at the doors, the loud shouts told that my pursuers dominated and terrorized their neighbors. Finally the door was thrust open. My captor fiercely challenged the girl.

She pointed a warning finger to her lip and pointed at her invalid father. The intruder looked under the bed, explored a closet and then proceeded on his fruitless search.

I stole a glance at the fair girl who had saved me. There was a beautiful woman depicted in the canvas I had rescued, but not to compare with the serene yet sensitive countenance of my gracious friend.

An hour later, enveloped in an old coat that she had loaned me, I left the building and reached the police.

I will not tell the royal reward I received for returning the stolen picture, but it was enough to complete my education and get married on.

And she who shared my little fortune was the lovely girl who had helped me to win it.

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BAD CHECKS WERE COMMON

Hotel Man Recalls the Ways of Some Slick Swindlers in the Past.

"Owing to the great carelessness exercised in cashing checks, it used to be possible for anybody who knew the lay of the land to work off bad checks on a hotel where I used to be a room clerk," said a former hotel man yesterday. "I flatter myself, however, that of all the half a million dollars' worth of paper I O. K.'d during the half dozen years I was connected with the establishment neither the hotel nor I lost a cent.

"But time and time again I used to witness a performance like this:

"A man would arrive and register himself as 'Reginald W. Drexel, Philadelphia,' or give an equally well known family name in some other city. The head clerk would fall over himself in his anxiety to give the new arrival one of the best rooms in the house. A little later, the stranger, having inquired the name of the chief clerk, would approach and speak to him:

"'Oh, Mr. Blank, my uncle told me to see you and make myself known. He said if I should happen to need any money while I was in New York, you would be able to fix it up for me.'

"'I shall be only too glad,' the head clerk would reply. 'It was very thoughtful of your uncle to remember me. I hope he is well. Come right this way.'

"Then he would hustle the man, a perfect stranger to him, over to the cashier's window, and introduce him, and say it was all right if 'Mr. Drexel' wanted to get any checks cashed or needed any money.

"'Mr. Drexel' would soon find himself a 'little short,' and the cashier would let him have a couple of hundred dollars or more perhaps once or twice. Then the young man would suddenly leave the hotel the next day, with no suspicion being aroused, in case he had drawn cash, for perhaps a month or more, when his 'uncle' in Philadelphia, in reply to a bill sent him, would indignantly disclose that Mr. 'Reginald W. Drexel' was an impostor. If it was a check that young 'Mr. Drexel' had cashed, he was sure to have gone before the bank on which it was drawn could get word to New York that the draft was worthless."

Farmer Delayed Duel.

M. Rouzier Dorcieres of Paris, who has fought many duels and directed over 200 others, enjoys telling the following story:

Two gentlemen who had decided to settle a quarrel on the field of honor betook themselves with their seconds to a quiet country spot where they would be free from reporters, photographers and spectators and where the only witnesses would be some cows peaceably grazing in the field.

While the necessary preliminaries were being carried out the farmer on whose land they were rushed up.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, "but is it a sword or pistol duel?"

"Sword. But what difference can that make to you?"

"Well, you see, if it was with pistols, I'd want to take the cows in first."—New York Sun.

Never Fortune's Favorite.

Ill luck was the persistent partner of Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning mule. While Crompton was an infant his father died, leaving the lad to the care of his mother, who insisted upon a daily task of well-spun wool. He detested it and invented the spinning mule to relieve himself of the work. Having invented it, he was not lucky enough to find a capitalist to finance him. When he gave a model of his invention to a company of manufacturers a subscription list was opened to recoup him for his losses, and several of the subscribers repudiated their signatures.

Regards It as a Choice of Evils.

Montgomery Morose, the well-known misanthrope of Snuffles, Mo., looked up from his favorite newspaper. "I see," he said, "that some anxious soul has written to the 'Commodore' asking whether it is better to marry a real widow or a grass widow. Having on various occasions been wedded to both kinds, I should like to tell the inquirer that I can't unqualifiedly indorse either sort."—Kansas City Star.

PASSING of the LUMBERJACK

TYPICAL LUMBERJACKS

THE LOGGERS AT WORK

"SHAKING" LOGS OUT OF THE FOREST

PLACING LOGS ON RAILROAD CARS AT THE END OF A SKID ROAD

MILD and snowless weather is not appreciated in the logging camps of the Northwest, as it brings a stagnation in the movement of the fallen timber toward the saw mills. Snow drifts and below zero temperature are welcomed, for then snow and ice tracks may be construced. Over these the pine logs are hauled to the railroads which in turn transport them to the mills and they furnish the initial stage in the manufacture of articles from pine lumber that in the due course of time reach the ultimate consumer.

In hauling the pine logs from where they have been felled to the trains which transport them to the saw mills—after the ground is covered with snow—huge sleds having a wide tread are used. Ruts the exact width of the sleighs are made, and these are flooded with water, which, in cold weather, freeze and form a glass-like track. Even in the absence of snow, the roads are flooded, and if the temperature is of sufficient frigidity an ice track is formed that makes the transportation of the timber a matter of comparatively minor consideration.

However, many large logging crews are at work in the pineries felling timber which will later on find its way to the sorting skids, for a winter wholly without snow or freezing weather has no place in the memory of the oldest lumberman or operator in the pine forests.

The days of the "lumberjack," as the picturesquely clad figure in brilliantly-hued mackinaws is familiary known, are practically numbered, so far as old-time lumbering in the northern woods is concerned. No longer will the hardy woodsman return in the spring time from a winter's sojourn in the fastness of the pine timber, his pockets lined with from $100 to $300 hard-earned money, and proceed to cut a wide swath in the midst of the clusters of tall buildings which intercept his progress southward.

In few localities will the foremen of logging crews assemble his men and teams and set out for unlocated camps in the pine woods of the north, building wanegans and stables for the accommodation of man and beast during the terms of wresting building material from the bosom of the virgin forests in the midst of a frigid winter season. In few localities will the woods resound with the sharp "spat" of the axman's implement as it bites into tree after tree, from the rising to the setting of the sun, and in few camps will be heard the familiar and always welcome call of the cook, "Chuck's ready."

Things have undergone a change in the pineries.

In the old days the men were at the call of the camp foreman long before the opening of the logging season, and many remained in tentative employ—or at least had the refusal of position—the year round. Competition was keen and spirited for the acquisition of axmen who had attained reputations for skill in their particular line of work, while teamsters, canthook men, brushmen and cooks were also sought according to their efficiency in their respective capacities.

And wages were pretty fair in those days, too. Axmen received all the way from $60 to $75 a month and board, and were not unduly anxious to dispose of their services even at those figures. The ordinary "jacks" were paid from $25 to $35 and $40 a month and board, while the cook—he was the forerunner of the baseball holdout star of the present day. A good man who had the reputation of being able to provide the most satisfying lumber camp ration, at a minimum of expense to his employer was able almost to name his own figures—$100 a month, with one and sometimes two assistants "slush cooks," being willingly paid to many of these food jugglers in Minnesota, Wisconsin and northern Michigan.

Today the scene is changed. The ax is supplanted by the saw, and by this mode of procedure the pine monarchs are felled in a fraction of the time required formerly. The huge trunks are denuded of their branches, and the logs are scaled and whisked to sorting skids where they are loaded on freight trains and transported to the mills in less time than was formerly necessary to get them to the river where they were formed into brails and made up into rafts to be transported in tow of a steamer to the saw mills.

The axman is no longer lord of the realm. He is succeeded by brawny-armed wielders of the saw, the work of which is far from requiring a knowledge of the niceties of tree felling chip at a time, and the serrated steel bands trim the tree off neatly, close to the ground.

When the timber cutting industry was in its prime in the dense pine forests, little care was paid to economy in cutting. Often snow drifts were encountered, ten or more feet in height. The axmen felled the trees close down to the snow, and after the spring thaws had come and gone, tall stumps containing in the aggregate many thousands of feet of valuable lumber were uncovered. After the demands of the pine lumber barons resulted in denuding the vast northern areas which were the scene of operations for many years, these lands were sold for the stumpage they represented, and crews of sawyers removed the valuable stump-logs which were transported to the saw mills and box factories as their size warranted.

And the logging camps—no longer are they represented by the temporary structures known as "wanegans," built from rough pine boards and devoid of ornamentation or comforts save as represented by bunks filled with straw and topped with blankets beneath which the weary woodsman crept shortly after consuming his evening meal.

It is now the bunk car, if you please—a palace on wheels compared with the institutions which they have supplanted. The interior is well lighted and ventilated, and a double row of bunks—upper and lower berths—occupy each side. The bedding is substantial, comfortable, clean and neat, and includes pillows—real ones, too.

Accompanying the bunk cars are kitchen cars, in place of the old and well-remembered cookshanties, hastily thrown up at the most convenient spot in camp, and the "major domo" often proves to be a woman. In many instances she is the wife of the cook and officiates as a sort of assistant.

Down one side of the accompanying dining car is a roomy serving table, while on the opposite side of the car is the dining table, on each side of which are seats for the men. Dishes supplant tin cups and plates, and the well-lighted, roomy interior is in marked contrast to the former prevailing order of affairs—a contrast which will forcibly appeal to those who are acquainted with the conditions obtaining in the old-time camps.

The arrival of the bunk and kitchen cars was almost simultaneous with that of the logging railway which superseded to a large extent the rafting of the logs to the mills. The arguments in favor of the cars against the conditions which they succeeded are so potent as to necessitate little comment. The ease and rapidity with which the scene of operations can be shifted, almost on an hour's notice, has proven a satisfactory reason for their adoption in the modern logging camp.

But to the old habitues of the logging camp there is always one feature which possesses an irresistibility all its own, and that is "chuck time." True, the work was fatiguing, but with an appetite sharpened to the ravenous point by the dry, sweet air and the odor from the needle-laden pine boughs, the lumberjack ate his fill and waxed "fat and sassy." The frills and fancy dishes of the city cafe were missing, but to the hungry woodsman the provender set before him outclassed in enjoyment that with which Lucullus was wont to entertain Lucullus.

Huge dishes of meat, potatoes and other vegetables, flanked by good bread and steaming hot coffee, formed a feast which needed no urging; rough though the fare was, it was provided only by hours of toil on the part of the cook and his assistants, often hours after the other occupants of the camp were wrapped in repose.

The cook was a hard worker; his hours were long, from 4:30 in the morning until 9 at night. His duties were many; for instance, besides his cooking he had to cut his own wood, which was about a cord a day, go after the water and all that. And for this work he was compensated by comparatively large wages.

Nowadays it is all much different; the cook is quite a functionary; he has the latest utensils to work with and can get up meals that compete well with those provided at the country hotel. The dining room, with "Home, Sweet Home" over the door, the handy kitchen—it's all as fine as everything. The shanty itself is a very respectable building—but in the old days! Well, the shanty was merely four logs for the base with slabs run up to a point for the walls. A big camp fire in the center served for the stove; here also was baked the bread—in tins that faced the fire. The bed was made by placing a timber about six feet from the wall and filling the intervening space with boughs. The quilts were sewed together to that no one would be tempted to monopolize protection from the cold. At that it was cold enough and often when the cook awoke he found an extra covering of two or three inches of snow on the bed. The bean hole was a beloved institution in the old days; therefrom was drawn the steaming pot of beans that had remained covered with coals all night. "Dunderfunk" was a fine dish, too; it was usually afforded on Sunday. It was made of parboiled bread, salt pork and molasses, deposited in alternate rows in the kettle, and when cooked made delicious pudding. They used to have pies and such dainties on Sunday, too. But in the main the diet was good solid food, and plenty of it; the men had appetites, got away with it, felt fine and made lots of work for the cook. Those indeed were the happy days. It is so different now.

For dainties there were none, and biscuits were an unheard of delicacy. Fancy baking a sufficient number of biscuits to appease the hunger of 50 or 75 husky laborers, each with an appetite of buzz-saw destructiveness! The nearest approach to biscuits was to be found in what was termed "bannocks." These were in reality overgrown baking powder biscuits, though. They contained the same ingredients, but were baked in loaf form and by the wholesale quantity.

But the piece de resistance of the lumberman's fare was baked beans. And who can gainsay the statement that there is no more enjoyable and satisfying dish—properly prepared—after having attented the formal opening of the camp "bean hole?"

Beans were a staple article of diet, but they never appeared to pall on the men in camp. A huge kettle of this favorite ration was placed to boil early in the day, and allowed to simmer for hours. At last, having been pronounced done, preparations for the baking were made. A large hole was dug in the ground and lined with thick stones. In this opening a roaring fire was kindled and kept going until the stones and surrounding earth became thoroughly heated. Then the salt pork was carefully distributed among the contents of the kettle, the cover put in place and the kettle was lowered into its waiting receptacle. Earth was then placed over the top of the kettle to the depth of several inches, and on this a roaring fire of pine boughs was kindled and kept going until just before breakfast time in the morning, when the kettle was again brought out of its resting place and the cover removed.

Stories may be written of delicious viands, but no poem, be it ever so exquisite in construction and sentiment, could do justice to the feeling aroused by the aroma which arose from the bean kettle and smote upon the olfactory organs of the hungry men awaiting the feast.

For a number of years there has at different times circulation been given to a report that the supply of timber is nearing exhaustion. This is an error. True, in some districts, which have been the scene of heavy operations for many successive years, about all the valuable standing pine has been cut, but these areas by no means represent the supply as a whole. There are still vast tracts virgin pine timber in northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. This is being cut into lumber by large concerns and the product marketed in increasing quantities. It is estimated that it will still be a great many years before the pine resources of the northern section of the states named will be exhausted.

HIGHEST TREE IN THE WORLD

Claim Put Forward for Australian Eucalyptus Is Denied by Government Expert.

"It is claimed that some of the eucalyptus of Australia are taller than the California redwoods, which are commonly considered the highest trees in the world."

Visitors to the Melbourne International exhibition of 1888 will remember the photographs of a large butted gum tree by N. J. Caire, photographer, who stated that he had come across this monster in Gippsland, and that its height was 464 feet.

Here was something very definite to go upon. The trustees of the public library, Melbourne, voted £100, the trustees of the Exhibition building another £100, the minister for lands promised a sum not exceeding £800, to have this leviathan measured and photographed.

After some hesitation on the part of the photographer the identical tree photographed was found. The inspector of forests and a government surveyor measured it accurately, and found it to be 219 feet 9 inches. "No tree in the neighborhood reached 300 feet."

Hon. James Monroe, premier of Victoria, thereupon offered a reward of £100 out of his own pocket for any Victorian tree 400 feet in height, and the reward has remained unclaimed to this day. Another man claimed to have found a tree there 525 feet high, but it turned out that the above mentioned tree was the one referred to.

In view of the actual measurements, 340 feet in height for a redwood and a girth around the trunk of 107 feet, I am of the opinion that, so far as our knowledge goes at present, California is the home both of the tallest and the broadest trees in the world.

KEPT HER WORD.

Timidly the girl tiptoed into the presence of her stern-looking mother.

"Mamma," she said timorously, "I—I've—well, Reggie has proposed and—and I accepted."

"Daughter!" her mother exclaimed, in angry amazement. "You promised me that you'd answer him in a word of two letters!"

The daughter smiled sweetly. "And so I did, mamma," she replied. "I answered him in German!"

HE MEANT WELL.

Hostess (at the party)—Miss Robins has no partner for this waltz. Would you mind dancing with her instead of with me?

The Man—On the contrary, I shall be delighted.—Boston Evening Transcript.

EKOIS ARE HAPPY

Care-Free People Where Women Rule Families.

No Taxes or Wearisome Restrictions in Southern Nigeria—Dancing Is Chief Pleasure and Quarreling in Home Is Forbidden.

With no taxes to pay and no wearisome restrictions to undergo, living in a land so fruitful that a few weeks' labor is enough to supply them with food, home and clothes for a whole year, the Ekoi, native of extreme southern Nigeria, on the equator, should be, and probably are, among the happiest people on earth, according to P. A. Talbot, African explorer of London, England, in a communication to the National Geographic society at Washington, according to a Washington correspondent of the Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.

"The Ekoi are devoted parents," he writes. "They have curious beliefs as to the advent and death of their babies. One charming superstition forbids all quarreling in a house where there are little children. The latter, so they say, love sweet words, kind looks and gentle voices, and if there are not to be found in the family into which they have been reincarnated, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth till a chance offers to return again amid less quarrelsome surroundings.

"To the Ekoi, dancing is one of the main occupations of life. With them the dance provides an outlet both for the dramatic instinct and for religious fervor. At the new year, and on all great festivals, the chief 'societies' of men, women and children come up to the station to give a series of dances. The Ekoi are a polygamous people, but the chief wife, not the husband, is the head of the house. Each wife has control over her children, who almost invariably go with her if she leaves her husband, and her rights as to property are most strictly safeguarded by native law."

Mr. Talbot recounts one of the many old legends of the country, explaining the position which women holds. At the beginning of things, the legend runs, the world was peopled by women only. One day the earth-god, Awbassi Nsi, happened by accident to kill a woman. Awbassi, sorry for the grief he had caused, offered to give them anything they should choose out of all his possessions. They begged him to mention what he had to give, and said they would all cry "Yes" when he named the thing which they wished to have. At length the list was nearly ended; one thing remained to offer and that was a man. They shouted "Yes" and, catching hold of one another, started dancing for joy. They took man, therefore, as compensation for the fellow-woman whom they had lost, and thus the men became the servants of women, having to work for them up to this day.

"The religious observances of the Ekoi are altogether a fascinating study," continues Mr. Talbot. "Beneath many modern corruptions and disfigurements are to be found traces of an older, purer form of worship—traces which carry us back to the oldest known Minoan civilization and link the belief of the modern Ekoi with that of the ancient Phoenician, the Egyptian, the Roman and the Greek. In some ways, indeed, the Ekoi form may be termed the most ancient of all, for whereas in the oldest known representations of Minoan bird and tree worship the tree has become almost entirely conventionalized into pillar shape, and later on becomes a mere pedestal to support the bird, among the Egoi it still keeps its original form—that of the actual living tree. The smallest town has its juju tree."

Ore Ships on the Lakes.

The great movement of cargoes on the lakes has brought about remarkable developments, according to the Engineering Magazine. A type of ship was evolved for this service which has superseded all other carriers on the lakes. The hold is one long trough, without stanchions or braces to interfere with unloading. The deck beams are portal girders worked into the frames. The hatches are spaced uniformly 12 feet centers, to suit unloading machinery, and have telescopic hatch covers of large width, constituting one long line of wide, continuous hatches from the break of the foc'sle to the engine room bulkhead, over a continuous hopper-shaped hold. The pilot house is so near the eyes of the ship that the pilot when putting the ship on a range uses a stern sight and requires a verge staff projecting forward from the bow for steering ahead. Boilers, engines and officers' quarters are at the extreme after end. In stormy weather travel across the waist of the ship is made by trolley slung from a fore-and-aft stay between the masts.

Too Pointed.

"I am quite fascinated by your friend whom you introduced to me. He has perfectly killing ways."

"For heaven's sake, don't let him know you think so!"

"Why not?"

"He's a doctor!"

Natural Result.

"My dear, what on earth are all those small fragments lying about on the floor?"

"I'm just going to sweep them up. They're the unbreakable toys you brought home yesterday to the children."

Common Request.

"Tell Mr. Jones I want to see him at the telephone."

"Well, you can't do it."

"Why not?"

"You can talk to him, but you can't see him, because there's no X-ray apparatus handy."

Figures in the Case.

"Women can mathematically be proven worth more than men."

"How do you do it?"

"A miss is as good as a mile, but it takes a lot of men to make a league."